Sports – 1917

DRAWS COLOR LINE HALF WAY

High Yaller Puts Chalk Mark in Front of Those Of Darker Hue

TAMPA FLA TRIBUNE
DECEMBER 30, 1917

Did you ever hear of a negro fighter drawing the color line? Well, here is one—Kid Norfolk by name—and he has stirred up all kinds of ill-feeling among the colored scrappers, because he will not take on one whose complexion is a few shades darker than a sunburn. This is what Bat Masterson of the New York Telegraph has to say on the subject:

"A colored boxer by the name of George Christian, who, judging from the tone of his letter, is a professional mitt-wielder, would like to know why Kid Norfolk draws the color line against his own race, while he goes hunting around the country for matches with white men only. George, old boy, if we knew we would tell you in a minute, if not sooner.

"'I have been trying to get on a match with Kid Norfolk for several months,' says George, 'but all I can get out of him is, 'Chase yourself. I'm not fighting niggers.' Can you beat that? I am a negro all right enough, and an American one, too,' writes George, 'but if I was a Panama nigger I suttingly would deny it.

"The idea of that begum Panama coon drawing the color line against a decent American black man makes me feel like I would like to walk on his monkey tail for just a few minutes.

"'The promoter at Rochester wrote me,' says George, 'that he would gladly give me a match with Norfolk, but that the Panama, tar heel said he didn't want any of my game.'"

BRIDGEPORT SUNDAY FARMER
SEPTEMBER 28, 1917

Tom Cribb Defended Title Against Negro By Long Training Course

Though Tom Cribb defeated Tom Molineaux, the Virginia negro, for the world's championship 106 years ago today, Sept. 28, 1811, his triumph was due to the careful training he had received under the direction of Capt. Barclay, a famous sport and athlete and champion pedestrian. Cribb had defended his title against the American black the previous year, and had won only on a technicality, Molineaux having been the legitimate victor. Barclay was determined that the big title should not go to a foreigner who was also a negro, and he put his man through the most strenuous training imaginable for the second bout.

One of the biggest crowds ever assembled around an English prize-ring witnessed the encounter. Cribb, thanks to his careful preparation, was fit and fine, while the darky was fat. Lacking money and advisers, Molineaux had scarcely trained at all, and just before the fight he ate a whole chicken and a large apple pie, washed down with two quarts of ale. In the first few rounds he was easily superior to Cribb in science and generalship, but his poor condition soon left him helpless, and in less than twenty minutes he was stretched out on the turf with a broken jaw. Cribb's training consisted largely of ploughing and other farm work, with long walks of thirty miles a day. Barclay wrote that when he took charge of Cribb the big bruiser was "corpulent, full of gross humors and short-breathed."

For two weeks Barclay permitted him to wander about the countryside with a gun on his shoulder. After that he introduced Cribb to a plough, and made him walk ten miles a day, increasing the distance gradually to twenty or thirty miles. "At this period he commenced to sweat," and thus reduced his weight. For eleven weeks the big fellow was allowed to rest, but was constantly occupied in some active employment." While Cribb was living this simple and strenuous evistence, Molineaux was travelling over England giving exhibitions, eating what he pleased, and drinking all the liquor his admirers would provide. With adequate training, there was little doubt that Molineaux would have triumphed, and a negro would have become the first real champion of the world.

DIVISION OF BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE RESEARCH

Sports — 1917

Colored policemen assigned to the Nineteenth district station house in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, won second prize and the championship cup awarded the district scoring the highest number of points at the policemen's carnival held at the Philadelphia Pennsylvania Ballpark, October 21. Their score was twenty - two and that of their nearest rival, ten.

The Crisis, January, 1918, p.141.

JOHNSON OFFERED TO SURRENDER TITLE TO WILLARD FOR $200,000.

Present Champion, In Indianapolis Last Monday, Did Not Knock Out Jack, But Won on Square.

Hundreds of prominent fight fans to this day believe that the Jess Willard-Jack Johnson championship fight in Havana was a fake, but the real truth of the fight was recently reiterated by one who was closely connected with the fight and in a position to know all the little details of it.

It was not a fake, although the morning of the fight Johnson sent for one of the promoters and voluntarily offered to lay down to the white man for $200,000.

Johnson was not knocked out. He went down in the twenty-sixth round completely exhausted. He "took the fall" as though the final punch had really rendered him unconscious.

Durin gthe minute's rest between the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth rounds Jack Curley, one of the promoters, answering a hurry call from Johnson, rushed to the Negro's corner.

Johnson All In.

"I'm all in, Jack," Johnson told Curley. "I don't believe I can last out another round; I'm completely exhausted. If I have to quit, is it worth anything to me to make the finish look like a real knockout? It surely ought to be worth $10,000 extra."

Curley, being a smart showman, begged Johnson that, if he had to quit, he should make the finish as spectacular as possible. And so Johnson promised that, while he'd fight as long as his strength would endure, when the time came he would go down as if he had been knocked cold.

And that is the real story of the fight itself. Johnson was willing to hand over the title for a consideration, but there was nothing doing. Jess Willard won the title fairly and squarely. He did not knock out Johnson, but won the heavyweight title because of his ruggedness and endurance.

The fight was held on Monday. The day before the contest Johnson drove into the city of Havana and demanded that he be given his entire end of the purse, $30,000, at once. Previous to this he had been given $11,000 for expenses. He met Jack Curley and asked for his share of the purse.

"I want my money now," said Johnson.

"I can't get it now," was Curley's reply, "but I will bring it out to you camp tomorrow morning."

Waits for Money.

"All right, I'll wait until tomorrow morning, Jack," said Johnson. "But don't fail to come."

Early on the morning of the fight Curley went to the bank and drew out $30,000. He motored to Johnson's camp and handed over the money to Jack. The latter, in turn, counted the money, all of which was in bills of $1,000, and then gave them to his wife, saying:

"Here, mommer, put this away."

Mrs. Johnson tucked the money in her waist.

Curley, fearing that Johnson might run out at the last minute, decided to stay with the Negro right up to the time the fight was to start. He didn't want to arouse Johnson's suspicions that he suspected the Negro might run out, so he turned to Mrs. Johnson and asked:

"Lucile, may I take a little rest? I haven't had a wink of sleep for two nights, and a little nap will help me a lot."

So Curley rested, always keeping one eye on Johnson. When it came time to start for the battle ground, Curley rode in with the champion.

Before they started, Mrs. Johnson served tea and crackers. While they were eating Johnson turned to Curley and asked:

"Jack, what chance has the big sucker got with me?"

"He's a big, strapping fellow, and if you can't stop him early he's likely to outlast you," replied Curley.

"Well, I think I can knock him out in any round I wantto," said Johnson. "But for the sake of the pictures I am going to let him stick for ten or a dozen rounds."

Willing to Talk Business.

"By the way, Jack, I am willing to talk business if you can dig up enough money; but it's got to be a lot of money," was Johnson's next remark.

"How much do you want?" asked Curley, more out of curiosity than anything else, as Curley, from the first time the match was suggested, was confident that Willard would win.

"I must have $200,000," said Johnson.

"Well, it's too late to dig up any amount like that at this hour," was Curley's reply.

So the fight went on until the end of the twenty-fifth round, when the Negro sent for Jack and made his last plea for more money, but didn't get it. Curley refused to offer any more money, knowing that Johnson would make the finish a spectacular one from the standpoint of the pictures.

And sure enough, when the finish came, Johnson went down with a thud.

Jess Willard, the world's heavyweight champion, was in Indianapolis with his Buffalo Bill Wild West show Labor Day and gave a demonstration with his sparring partner, Walter Monagham.

JACK JOHNSON IS LONESOME; WANTS TO COME BACK TO STATES.

Jack Johnson wants to come home.

He told Dick Klegin, the American promoter, that he is anxious to leave Barcelonia, Spain, although he is making some money with his physical culture school and bull fighting. The sights of Chicago call him home, but the possibilities of going to jail keep him away. According to Klegin, who is now in this country, Johnson asked him to "fix things" so that a return visit would not put a strain on the police force of Chicago.

Jack is so anxious to get back that he recently agreed to go to Tia Juana, on the Mexican border near San Diego, prepared to fight anyone. Some romancer told Johnson that Jess Willard would listen kindly to a proposal for a fight at Tia Juana. Jack gave a ready ear to the story, which shows that he is far more credulous than he used to be when he was fighting at the Broadway and other clubs in Philadelphia for a few dollars.

Johnson has as much chance of getting a fight with Jess Willard as the Emperor of Germany has of making a getaway with the territory he has stolen.

Willard loves the championship and means to be exceedingly conservative about whom he fights. Mr. Johnson's name has been erased from his list of social acquaintances. Not that he is afraid of Johnson, for he beat him once —but there is no use in getting reckless and taking chances.

Dick Klegin thinks that Willard would be flying in the face of Providence if he agreed to meet Johnson again. The big colored fellow is in first-class condition.

If Willard participates in a fight at Tia Juana, the nearest Johnson will get to him will be a ringside seat. Willard's opponent will probably be Fred Fulton or Carl Morris. Then again there may be no opponent, depending how the circus business goes. All this talk of fighting must be very tiresome to a quiet, peaceful business man like Jess.

HOWARD P. DREW IN BRILLIANT EFFORT; POLLARD AND ALPHA P. C. C. WINNERS AT SMART SET GAMES

Large and Fashionable Crowd Packs Brooklyn Armory to Capacity—15th Regiment Gives Affair Martial Aspect

Before a large and fashionable crowd in the 13th Regiment Armory on Friday night last, Howard P. Drew made good his promise to "come back," and did so in brilliant manner, although it was plainly evident that he was not yet back at his best. But at that he had the judges non-plussed in the first running of the Century and forced them to have a second run to decide whether Andrew Kelly or Drew was the winner. In the second run Drew led for the first 75 yards, but in the final burst Kelly forged ahead and won by less than a foot.

Fred Pollard, Brown University's sensational football player, easily won the 65-yard low hurdle event, winning by more than a yard in 8 seconds, with Engles second and Eller in third place, three yards back. Engles and Eller are New York's two best men at short low hurdles.

William Stokeley, of St. C., had things nearly all his own way in the two-mile run, handicap, but petered out towards the end.

A team from Alpha P. C. C. defeated teams from St. Christopher Club and Salem Crescent and won in thrilling manner the special one-mile medley match relay race. Salem Crescents took second place.

Dancing succeeded the games and the fashionable crowd wafted away in the arms of Terpsichore to encouragement from an N. A. Orchestra, led by H. Austin.

The Summaries.

One Mile Walk, Handicap—Won by Walter von Bargen, Kings County A. C. (60 seconds); William Plant, Long Island A. C. (5 seconds), second; Richard F. Remer, New York A. C. (scratch), third. Time, 7:18 1-5.

100 Yards, Novice—Won by T. Haron, Boys' Club; S. T. Fitzpatrick, Fordham University, second; Ralph Prionus, A. P. C. C., third. Time, 1 2-5 seconds.

1,000 Yards, Handicap—Won by Harry Wigger, Paulist A. C. (22 yards); A. H. Dolder, West Side Y. M. C. A. (15 yards), second; F. P. Flynn, Knights of St. Antony (25 yards), third. Time, 2:21 3-5.

65 Yard Low Hurdles, Special—Won by Fred D. Pollard, Brown University; Arthur L. Engels, New York A. C., second; John J. Eller, Irish American A. C., third Time, 0:08.

Half Mile, Novice—Won by George De Garmo, Jr., Ridgewood H. S.; E. Roesch, West Side Y. M. C. A., second; W. W. Cummings, Jr., third. Time, 2:11.

Century Special—Won by Andrew J. Kelly, Holy Cross; Howard P. Drew, unattached, second; Roy Morse, Salem Crescent A. C., third. Time, 0:10 1-5.

Three Mile Bicycle Race, N. C. A. Championship—Won by Edward H. Goodwin, rIish American A. C.; Lawrence Gaffney, Empire City Wheelmen, second; Anthony Attardi, Unione Sportiva Italiana, third. Time, 7:47.

220 Yard Handicap—Won by H. Finkenagle, Boys Club (12 yards); L. Singer, Boys Club (11 yards), second; L. L. Mabie, Central Congregational A. C. (7 yards), third. Time, 21 4-5 seconds.

Taylor Quarter—Won by Joseph J. Higgins, Irish American A. C.; George N. Dernell, Boys' Club, second; J. J. O'Brien, Loughlin Lyceum, third; time, 52 2-5 seconds.

MAJOR TAYLOR WINS RACE

Newark, N. J.—Major Taylor, the famous colored sprinter who held the cycling championship of America in 1900, was the best among a field of a dozen veterans in a one-mile race for the old timers here, Sunday afternoon. He beat Arthur Ross, once famous as a pace

follower; John M. Chapman, who was prominent in the early '90s, and Howard Freeman, who was a star twenty years ago. Taylor, who now makes his home in Worcester, Mass., was given a great hand by the crowd.

Frank Kramer won a three cornered match race from Bob Spears and Arthur Spencer. Kramer, riding with lightning speed, rode around Spencer in the first heat and won. In the second heat he rode from in front and led the national title holder over the tape. Spears finished second to Kramer in both heats.

Alfred Goullet beat Reggie McNamara in the five mile open. He then tipped Eddie Rupprecht at the tape in the half mile handicap. Jake Magin won first place in the miss and out invitation. Michael De Orio took the half mile handicap for amateurs and Ed Byron was first in the Australian pursuit race.

There was many a colored rooter on hand to give Taylor a warm welcome and he was lustily applauded when he came into the enclosure. He had motored down from Worcester along with Birdie Munger, his old-time adviser.

Announcer Sullivan introduced the riders and they made a tour of the track. Frank Kramer, ex-champion, was elected to do a lap with Taylor and both the former champion were given a great send off. Kramer supplied a bit of comedy when he lined up with the old guard. Announcer Sullivan said that while none of the old timers were afraid of Kramer, Jack Prince, the referee of the race, had decided not to bet Kramer a dollar.

Munger started Taylor on his way. It was Munger who started Taylor in his first race when he was the age of sixteen and predicted that Taylor would be the fastest rider in the world in a short time. Taylor stated that Munger started him in his first race and he also stated that he started him in his last as the performance of Taylor Sunday was his last. It was the first time that Major Taylor ever rode on a Sunday in Newark. For years Taylor refused to ride on Sunday and passed up many a liberal offer although he rode on Sundays in Europe and during the last year of his active career.

In his day Taylor was a marvel. After winning the American national title he went to Europe and Austrialia, where he was a big winner and amassed a fortune. The Taylor-Kramer match races run at the old quarter-mile track at Vailsburgh are among the greatest in the history of the sport. No rider, before or since his day, ever developed a sketch sprint the equal of Taylor's.

POLLARD BECOMES A CRACK HURDLER

(From Evening Mail.)

In the select circle of hurdlers a new candidate was enrolled at dusk Saturday. Fred Pollard gained admittance after he had captured New England titular honors in both the high and low hurdle events. The sensational Brown University football player defeated a fair field over the 120-yard and 220-yard fences, finishing the first named in 16 3-5 seconds and the other in 26 seconds.

Pollard was in rare form. After his two hurdling performances he broad-jumped 21 feet and 4 inches for third place to W. Bjorn, of Trinity, Nicholls, a clubmate, won the discus throw and took second in the shotput, but between them they could not overcome M. I. T.'s score.

The Brown men turned up the best performances of the day. Pollard surprised the spectators by his splendid hurdling. Local enthusiasts saw the Smart Set A. C. games in Brooklyn several weeks ago. On that occasion Pollard defeated Arthur Engels and one or two others in a short race. He might have changed the general aspect of the national championships had he been allowed to come down for them.

Pollard is one of the best athletes turned out by the so-called small colleges in a decade. They say he can sprint with the best of them. We hope to see more of him in the near future.

The New England champs was an ordinary meet. Only eight of the seventeen colleges enrolled were represented because of war-time conditions. Most of the leading athletes are doing business with Uncle Sam—the serious kind.

PASSING OF THE COLORED FIGHTER

BUFFALO, N. Y. TIMES
JULY 1 1917

Johnson and Langford Are Now Both in the Has Been Class.

Jess Willard put a big pugilistic dent in the fighting black race when he disposed of Jack Johnson at Havana, a couple of years ago. And now Fred Fulton has hit the dusky fistic fighters another setback by stopping Sam Langford in the seventh round the other night in Boston, says Jack S. Kelly.

We must certainly give both Johnson and Langford credit for being two very clever, formidable heavyweights in their prime. They did their full share of hard battling in the ring and defeated some of the best white and black men in the world. They were the two greatest men of their race for the past 15 years. But now both Johnson and Langford belong to the has-been class and their fistic glory is over.

Neither Harry Wills, Sam McVey nor no other colored boxer looms up high enough on the pugilistic horizon to take their place.

The quick, decisive defeat of Langford again brings Fred Fulton to the front, and his desire to again combat Carl Morris should consequently receive some prompt attention from the Oklahoma giant. Let us hope, if these two big fellows are matched again, it will be a fairer fight than their last one, without any fouls or roughhouse tactics.

NEGRO RACE HELPED BY THE WELSH LAW

BROOKLYN N Y EAGLE
SEPTEMBER 20. 1917

Dr. Crampton Says It Makes for Democracy.

Editor Brooklyn Daily Eagle:

At this time, when the conservation and development of our national human resources is of the most paramount importance, the following item with particular reference to our colored citizens may seem to you significant; if not, no harm is done and your waste basket is ready.

1. New York State has recognized the military importance of physical training and athletics in the Welsh Law.
2. This affects 700,000 school children in New York City.
3. The methods of the Public Schools Athletic League have been copied by the State.
4. They are democratic and include every boy.
5. The colored boys, with conspicuous exceptions such as John B. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania, never entered athletics. Now thousands of colored schoolboys are playing basketball and running and jumping and range alongside of others in athletic ability. They have formed three large colored athletic organizations in this city, the Salem Crescent Athletic League, the Alpha Physical Culture Club and St. Christophus Club, composed entirely of colored graduates of the public schools and the Public School Athletic League. A team of colored boys went to the championships at St. Louis, accompanied by the Rev. Cullen, a colored minister.
6. The significance of the health recreation movement to the colored race; its correlation with their religious life.

C. WARD CRAMPTON, M.D.
Secretary Public Schools Athletic League.

AS TO WHO ARE WORLD'S CHAMPIONS

10/27/17

Rube Marquard (white) the big left-handed pitcher for whom Manager McGraw of the New York National League team payed $11,000 several years ago, but who now puts them over the plate for the Brooklyn National League Base Ball Club was fined $100 recently by his manager. Thereby hangs a tale.

It appears that there was a clause in the contract of the big pitcher, which states that he may not take part in any ball game without permission. When it was announced that Marquard was to pitch against the Lincoln Giants, a colored team, the president of the Brooklyn Club notified Rube that the club refused to grant him the necessary permission. In spite of this Rube went ahead and played anyhow, and must now pay a fine of $100 to get back in the good graces of the Brooklyn Club.

Here is how the Brooklyn Club felt about Rube's misbehavior; "The Brooklyn team is averse to permitting its team, or any of its players, participating in games with Negroes. There are only semi-professional Negro teams, and when there is an outcome like in yesterday's game, where Rube was beaten, President Ebbets believes it tends to lower the calibre of ball played by the big leagues in the eyes of the public, and at the same time makes the major league team the subject of ridicule at the hands of the more caustic fans."

President Ebbets is quite right in fining his pitcher. It shows the big leaguers up too strongly in the right light to have them cross bats with colored teams and come off second best. Just think of it a team composed of Marquard, Chief Meyers and other well known white professionals losing to a team of colored semi-professionals. Unheard of. The next thing that will happen will be that fans will seriously doubt that the championship ball club of the world can be found in the National or American League.

The truth of the matter is that several colored base ball teams in the East and West, the Lincoln Giants and the Chicago A. B. C.'s put up an article of base ball in no wise inferior to that played in the American and National Leagues. If the members of these clubs were white they would be listed among the big leaguers. Several years ago these same Lincoln Giants, to use their own expression "stood the champion New York National club on their heads" in a game of Sunday base ball. Should things continue in this way for a couple of years longer everybody will find out that some colored teams are playing just as well as the best white teams.

Negro Champion of Army.

Columbus, N. M., January 2.—Private Rufus Williams, of the Twenty-fourth United States infantry (negro), won the welterweight championship of the regular army yesterday at El Valle, Mexico, by defeating Private Whitey Burns, of the Sixteenth United States infantry. They fought twenty rounds.

Sports – 1917

GIBBS WINNING THE FIFTY YARD DASH

Capt. Mauldin Gibbs of Crane Technical high school, star of the Speedway games (Chicago), winning the fifty-yard dash. Photo taken especially for the Chicago Defender by International Film Service.

6-23-17

Participants in Eagle Athletic Meet.

New-York-Age 7-5-17

By Courtesy of The Brooklyn Eagle.

Wesley Williams, the only colored candidate among 1,070 to take the phisical examinations for the Fire Department in New York led with an average of 100%.

The Crisis. October1918. Page 296.

FOOTBALL HAS A NEW COLORED STAR

Although last season's football sensation, Pollard, is not allowed to play with Brown this year, having failed in his studies, the race is to have a star in the person of Robeson, the crack end of the Rutgers eleen, whose aerial attack was the feature of Saturday's contest between Fordham and Rutgers, which was won by the latter, 29 to 0.

The New York *Times*, speaking of Robeson's work, said: "Robeson, the giant Negro at left end, was a tower of strength both on the offense and defense, and it was his receiving of forward passes which shattered any hopes of glory which might have arisen in Fordham ranks during the game. Twice the big Rutgers Negro raced down the field after receiving a perfect toss from Whitehill. The first time Robeson was not downed until he had covered thirty-five yards and placed the ball on Fordham's five-yard line. On the other occasion Robeson raced twenty-four yards before being brought to earth again closed to the Fordham goal line. Each of these passes gave Rutgers a chance to score, and Rutgers did not throw away the opportunity."

New York Age

The annual Junior Eagle Athletic outdoor meet, held Saturday on the Public Schools Athletic Field, Avenue K and the Brighton road, Brooklyn, was a big success. The youngsters had a most enjoyable outing, and those who witnessed the athletic events were thrilled time and time again by the exciting finishes. More than five hundred school boys, ranging from 8 to 18, participated.

The largest event of the afternoon was the 50-yard dash, won by Henry Thompson, the little colored runner representing Concord Baptist Church. There were so many contestants in this dash for runners in the ninety-five pound class that eight heats were run off. Young Thompson finished a yard in front of his nearest competitor, George Perryman of the Bushwick Playground, in the final. Time, 6 4-5 sec.

Young Thompson also won a medal by bringing his team-mates into second place in the 440-yard relay race.

Those who make a lot of noise about the United States being "a real democracy," but who favor all kinds of "Jim Crowism," would do well to take a look at the above picture, which shows a truly democratic gathering. In the Brooklyn *Eagle's* Junior Athletic meet lads, irrespective of race, creed or color, are permitted to pit brain and brawn for superiority without being divided into groups, according to the complexion of their skin.

NOTHING TO BE SO 'BLUE' ABOUT

N Y C GLOBE
SEPTEMBER 1, 1917

Four Records Smashed at the Junior A. A. U. Championships at St. Louis Yesterday Indicate That Interest in Sport Still Lives.

By WALTER ST. DENIS.

The results attained in the national junior track and field championships at St. Louis yesterday do not bear out the wailings of those who are prone to look with pessimism on the general athletic situation. Four new junior records and a smashing big crowd is the answer to the fellows who are complaining that there is no interest in sports because of the war.

If there is any note of pessimism to be sounded, however, it must concern the territory in and around New York, for it must be admitted that Gotham made a wofully poor showing in the junior events. Probably New York would have done better if the New York Athletic Club had gathered its full junior strength for

a drive on the national meet, but even at that Father Knickerbocker's athletes would not have taken the major honors. New York is not turning out the good youngsters that she was when the Irish-American A. C. was going at top speed and challenging the N. Y. A. C. for every honor in track and field sports.

Yesterday's results showed four New Yorkers as title winners—two of them Negro athletes. This meeting, by the way, marks the first victory of a colored boy in the national junior championship events. A notable feature of the games was the excellent showing made by the athletes from Philadelphia. The Quakers, usually quite passive in these titular affairs, came to life with a jump ad scored in no less than nine of the championship events. The Meadowbrook Club is evidently bringing things to life down in William Penn's village.

Wendell Is Mourned.

It has remained for the Millrose Athletc Association, which has led in so many things that work for good in athletics, to get on record first with an official note of sorrow on the death of Evert Jansen Wendell. The Millrose Club passed the following resolution Thursday night:

Aug. 30, 1917.

The Millrose Athletic Association of New York, having heard with deep sorrow of the sudden death of Evert Jansen Wendell, at a special meeting of its Board of Governors held this day places on record the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of Evert Jansen Wendell amateur athletics has lost one of its greatest friends and enthusiastic supporters, whose friendliness for the game was from the highest motive of the true amateur.

That the prestige attained in his early college career and the influence of his later success in business life were both felt in an immeasurable degree in the promotion of amateur athletics not only in New York, but throughout the whole country and in international circles.

That the Millrose Athletic Association regrets that it will no longer be able to avail itself of that influence as it has on many occasions, especially in the promotion of its indoor meetings, at which Evert Jansen Wendell was always a prominent and helpful official.

That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved family as a mark of sympathy and condolence, and to the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States as a tribute of the high honor in which the Millrose Athletic Association held Evert Jansen Wendell.

Among the Others.

After all, therefore, any number from the world of fistiana have answered the call to the colors, and few people hear of it. The following letter tells the story of one who was quite well known around New York just a short time ago, and also furnishes no mean idea of the way some of the vultures of the game worked

Walter St. Denis, Sporting Editor The Globe.—Knowing that your column's motto is a fair deal to every one, I am about to inform you of a story that would make a good moving picture and a scenario that one could call "The Yellow Streak Fighter Who Made Good." Here goes:

On the lower west side there is a boxer—Charley Sheppard by name, a featherweight. Charley always was a clever two-handed fighter. His fights with Willie Jones, Young Wagner, Tommy Houck, Carey Phelan, Jimmy Walsh, and others are still in the minds of local fans. Every time Charley entered the ropes he gave the fans that paid their money the best that was in him.

A pair of money-mad managers soon heard of Charley's ring successes and they got in touch with him and immediately made themselves general managers. With them as guides Charley had to fight, whether sick or not. They didn't care for Sheppard. All they were after were the few paltry dollars that was in it. The matches they made for Sheppard were ridiculous. One was with Willie Beecher, who scaled 145 pounds. Can you imagine a 124-pound featherweight boxing a man like Beecher! Charley was knocked out in five rounds. Two days later the petty larceny managers picked another "soft one" for Charley—Harry Boyle of Syracuse, a middleweight. Boyle knocked Featherweight Charley Sheppard out in four rounds. Immediately after this affair the hungry managers let out wails that Sheppard was a cur and that he possessed the "old yellow streak."

They kept disgracing Sheppard until the latter was in tears, but Charley soon made a move that made them shut up and stop accusing him of being "yellow."

He enlisted in the Ninth Regiment and showed what a true American he is. If there is any "yellow" in Sheppard Uncle Sam fails to see it, and for Sheppard it must be said that he is as game as they make them. His boxing career was spoiled by a few money-mad managers who thought more of a few dollars than a human being.

It's a safe bet that if Charley ever gets to the trenches he will do some real fighting, while the ones who were first to call him "yellow" will do their fighting up against some bar.

FLORENCE GALLAGHER.

DETERMINATION IS A FINE THING. After being unfortunate in many ways and finally being rejected by the Aviation Corps of the United States army because of physical shortcomings, Gustave Touchard, former metropolitan lawn tennis star, went to Canada and forced himself on the Canadian army. To make a long story short, Touchard is now a full fledged war flier and will get into action on the western front not later than Nov.

The Chicago Defender

MAROON RUNNER WINS FROM EASTERN CHAMP

2/3/17

Jefferson Takes Five-Mile Race, Upsetting All Predictions

By Mr. Fan

Binga Dismond—that's all. That was enough, too, for those four words told the tale. Gee whizz, how that scamp can run, and just how fast no one knows but we had the pleasure of seeing him beat the mighty Ted Meredith Saturday night at the Second Regiment Athletic games which were held under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union. The four-forty invitation dash was the real event of the evening, and at 10 o'clock Ted Meredith was introduced to the crowd, who handed him a warm welcome. Next Roy Campbell was made known, and then Binga Dismond. So warm was his reception that it was a few moments before Captain Steele could introduce Miller of the Illinois Athletic club. Dismond drew the third position, with Meridith fourth. Cayou started all even, and at the first turn Binga forged into the lead. The crowd was with him. Meredith fought hard on the third turn, but Dismond was there with enough power to stave off his efforts. Dismond held the lead and with a wonderful burst of speed on the fourth turn on the last stretch he finished ten yards ahead of the University of Pennsylvania runner. A great ovation was handed Dismond. A Defender representative was the first to congratulate him on his success.

Morse Fnishes Fourth

Roy Morse of the Wannamaker A. C. of New York, Berman of Notre Dame, Butler of Dubuque, Mahl of St. Louis and Jo Loomis of Chicago lined up in the fifty yard invitation dash. Bergman and Mahl broke, then Loomis and Butler. The final start was bad. Mahl and Bergman had a foot on Butler and the rest, who finally got started. Mahl won, Bergman second, and Morse pulled up third behind Joe Loomis.

Sol Butler had a bad night. He finished third in the fifty-yard low hurdles and second in the open 40-yard handicap.

Jefferson Surprises

Lee Jefferson, son of Rev. Jefferson, pastor of Hope Presbyterian church won the five-mile handicap on Friday night, much to the surprise of all present. He upset all dope. Jefferson's stride was wonderful. Joie Ray dropped out, and it was easy for Jefferson. After his remarkable performance on Friday evening the University of Chicago coach refused to allow him to enter in the two-mile event on Saturday. Lewis, a young freshman at the U. of C., is out for the quarter-mile honors. Friday a bad spill handicapped him in the finals Saturday. However, this lad is a comer. He was applauded for his determination. Friday after he fell he pulled himself together and ran it out.

One thing the Defender wished to call the attention of the members of the Race to is the way some of our boys are allowed to go to these meets. Friday night Kelly of the Emerson street Y. M. C. A. in Evanston was entered in the dash of grammar schools. He appeared in a dirty blueish jersey and a pair of basket ball trunks held up by a leather belt. Now the regular uniform of men completing in these games is a pair of white running trunks and a clean jersey, usually white, sometimes with the initials of the school on the front. There is no excuse for appearing otherwise, for if the boys do not know the physical directors of the institutions to which they belong should be held responsible.

Marked Absence of Our Athletes

Every nation on the globe, even to the Syrians, had an entrant in the meet. Our men who represented school did fairly well, but such institutions as the Wabash Y. M. C. A., the Appomattox Club and the Eighth Regiment should have been in the "doings." No excuse for the Y. M. C. A. only their backwardness. There were young Butler, Sheppard and others The other two clubs are gradually making way for these matters. The Emerson street "Y" in Evanston entered one man. They were on the book in the relay, but none were there to take the field.

NILES AND SHELBURNE.

The Guardian

NEW ENGLAND ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS—NILES A DOUBLE CHAMPION, WINS BOTH HALF AND QUARTER MILE RUNS—SHELBURNE WINS SHOT-PUT—NEITHER PICKED FOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP— LOOKS LIKE COLOR LINE.

9/4/17

The N. E. A. A. A. U. outdoor track and field championships on Technology Field Saturday afternoon resulted in a big victory for the B. A. athletes. They won 8 of the titles and scored 60 points, which makes the club again the holder of the perpetual A. A. U. trophy. There were 13 events, watched by a good crowd.

CHAMPION NILES AS BOSTON SCHOOL-BOY RUNNER.

Said the Boston Globe:

W. D. Hayes and W. A. Savage of the B. A. A. and Edw. C. Niles, who ran unattached, were the stars, each of them being double winners. Eight of last year's champions competed and only four again won their titles.

Two Events for Niles.

Edw. Niles, the Colored runner, had no trouble winning the 440 and 880-yard runs. He is regarded as the best at those distances in New England and showed that he is worthy of his reputation. In the 440 yards, Murphy of the B. A. A. led till coming in the stretch, and then Niles quickly overhauled him and won by three yards. In the 880 yards Niles led from the start and won by three yards.

Shelburne in Shot-Put.

John Lawlor of the B. A. A., last year's champion shot-putter, had bad luck. On his first three trials he fouled and was ruled out. Shelburne the Dartmouth shot-putter winning by a good margin.

The committee announced the representatives to go to St. Louis for the National championships to be held today and omitted Shelburne and even Niles.

The Boston [illegible] 9-4-17

WINS HONORS AT HARVARD.

Eugene L. C. Davidson, a graduate of M St. High School, class of '13, now a senior at Harvard, wins honors in the New England Intercollegiate Wrestling Association for which a gold medal was awarded, making him champion in the 125 pound class.

For two years young Davidson has been the star of the Harvard Wrestling team, and was a close runner for last year's championship, having won his final bout with James of Brown University on a decision, after beating Davison, the Yale entry in that class also.

Every bout he has entered this year he has won with a fall except a decision against the School of Technology in this tournament, and only once in the past 2 years has he been beaten, and this by a Springfield wrestler.

Seven colleges had entered teams in this meet including Harvard, Yale, Technology, Brown, Tufts, Bates and Springfield Y. M. C. A.

Among his honors may be mentioned three silver cups, won in the Debating team, three silver medals, one bronze and one gold medal won on the Wrestling team.

Young Davidson is the son of Attorney and Mrs. Shelby J. Davidson, of this city.

Sports – 1917

Chicago Defender — 2-24-17

Gibraltar, by Way of London, Feb. 23.—Jack Johnson, American world's champion pugilist, passed through Gibraltar enroute to Barcelona, Spain, aboard the Aguinalda Alfonso.

Jack Johnson, Jan. 15, with passports signed by King George of England, left Barcelona, by way of France and England, arrived at Archangel Feb. 3, crossed through Russia and into Roumania and secured signatures for his World's Advertising Corporation. Crossing through Italy, he embarked for the return journey and was captured by an Austrian submarine. Jack, single-handed, subdued the Austrian captain and blew up the submarine, and was rescued, after drifting three days, by the Spanish freighter, Aguinaldo Alfonso, and was landed at a Spanish port. Johnson has returned safely to Barcelona, Spain, having secured all rights from allied capitals for his World's Advertising Corporation. He has cornered all important hotel, railroad, steamboat and street car advertising rights, and has secured all English, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Roumanian rights. He has also secured rights from Buenos Ayres. Jack Johnson is now located at 30-32 Rambla Del Centro, Barcelona, Spain.

LIFT BAN ON NEGRO FIGHTERS

[illegible] AMERICAN

OBER 22, 1917

Famous "Color Line" Now Forgotten by White Boxers—Willard Only Champion to Bar Blacks

By Damon Runyon.

ONE of the curious developments of the past year or so in Fistiana is the fading of the "color line," that mythical barrier raised in the long ago by John L. Sullivan and reraised from time to time by white fighters when they wanted to avoid meeting formidable black men.

Nowadays the best of our white wallopers are mingling with their chocolate colored brethren, and you hear no talk of the "line," which some writer years ago declared was merely synonymous with a yellow streak.

We strongly suspect that the deterioration of the class of the black fighters has had much to do with the erasure of the line. There are no more Dixons, or Gans, or Walcotts, or Old or Young Peter Jacksons; there are no Jack Johnsons. Langford has grown aged and infirm; Sam McVey is lost to view.

Maybe if some of these were around the "color line" would not be so dim and shadowy, but none the less the best of the whites are now accepting matches with the best the black brigade can offer, and, as the fellow said, "you gottah give 'em credit!"

Benny Leonard, the lightweight champion of the world, had much to do with the erasure of the "line" when he took on Leo Johnson, supposed to be the best of the black boxers in the lightweight class, and followed it up by meeting Eddie Dorsey.

Whatever may be the opinion of the ability of Johnson and Dorsey, they were unquestionably the stars of their color, and Leonard met them without any palavar. There is no reason to assume that Leonard would have ducked them had they been a Gans and a Rufe Turner.

G. SMITH THE PIONEER.

GUNBOAT SMITH was the first of the white fellows of any particular note to disregard the "color line" in the last few years.

Gunboat shelled Sam Langford in a bout up at Boston some time ago, and subsequently was himself shelled by Sam. At that period all the white heavyweights were giving old Tham plenty of elbow room.

Recently Fred Fulton met the venerable "Devasticatin' Bear Cat," and licked him, but Fred was merely taking a desperado in that match. He had nothing to lose, and everything to give.

Fred stood like a broken leg in public esteem about that time. Whether he would have boxed Tham a few months before, when the Fulton star was in the ascendancy, is a question.

A few days ago Billy Miske, a near champion of the light-heavyweight order, went up to Boston and met one Kid Norfolk, a black boxer unearthed by Leo Flynn, and lost the decision, and this match further erased the dimming "color line."

If the Leonards and Miskes can afford to mix with the black boys, our other lily white fistic celebrities will have a tough time trying to lift the old mythical bar.

* * *

NORFOLK A GOOD ONE.

THIS Kid Norfolk seems to be the best of the blacks to-day; in fact, he seems to be about the only one, now that Leonard has torpedoed the lightweight fleet.

Langford is through. McVey is boxing around Panama with Battling Johnson as a room-mate. Harry Wills, who gave great promise at one time, has not been heard from for a spell.

It is small wonder the white flotilla is unafraid. However, the appearance of a few new black boxers of ability, such as Norfolk, is sure to be followed by the rapid development of others, because they increase the interest and ambition of their brothers.

Jack Johnson did more to wipe out the black brigade than any one or anything else. He gave the "color line" a basis of permanency. The effects of Johnson are just commencing to wear off.

He was a great fighter—probably one of the greatest defensive fighters the game has ever known—but his actions outside the ring developed a strong prejudice against all boxers of his color. Before Johnson there had been many black fighters of great ability and real popularity, and while the "color line" had been raised before, it was generally derided.

After Johnson, it was a real bar. After Johnson, the black man had such a hard time securing matches that the class gradually fell away. The colored youngsters no longer took up the boxing game, because they had scant opportunity of advancement.

* * *

LEO JOHNSON CLASSY.

LEO JOHNSON was the first of the new generation to develop any sort of reputation. He was miles and miles from the class of Gans, but he came to be regarded as a tough, shifty opponent for any of the lightweights of the present era.

Norfolk is now the "hope of the black race," so to speak. Just how good he is remains to be seen; but he must be pretty good to win a decision over the ripping, tearing Miske. And Miske, like Leonard, is entitled to credit for disdaining the "color line."

As a matter of fact, there is but one champion who formally draws the "color line." That is Jess Willard. Jess fought one black man, and says he will never fight another; but as far as that is concerned, Jess will not fight anybody, white or black.

The other champs, Levinsky, McCoy, Lewis, Leonard, and whoever is bantam champ, probably have no objection to boxing the colored lads, if there are any around who can draw a few dimes at the box office.

JACK JOHNSON A TOREADOR

BARCELONA, SPAIN.—"I should worry" is the motif of Jack Johnson's life here as he enters on his second year in Spain, with the "pickings" every bit as good as they were when he first arrived. For nothing worries Jack now, since he is retired from the ring. Fat, the bugaboo of all pugilists, holds no fears for the bulky ex-champion, and war is to him only a subject of conversation. Money, the source of chief anxiety to most prize-fighters in their after years, is the least of Johnson's worries, as he has plenty and is adding daily to his pile.

For Johnson's interest in Barcelona are diverse. In the first place, he is a toreador, working steadily three times a week and on holidays, and rapidly earning a place of endearment in the hearts of the tender Spainiards who delight in seeing worn-out horses disemboweled by maddened bulls.

Recently Johnson has added another string to his bow by becoming an editor. He has purchased an interest in a periodical published weekly in Spanish and devoted to Socialism and sports—strange bedfellows, but [illegible] to contiguity by the merging of two publications. Long screeds in Spanish are printed in every issue over Johnson's flourishing signature, but he betrays intense modesty in discussing these articles, due, according to some doubters, to the fact that he does not know what they contain.

Skilful Toreador.

Johnson is a prime favorite with the Barcelona people, who never weary of watching him in the bullring, and devotees of bull fighting assert he has attained considerable skill as a toreador. Also he continues a prime drawing card as a boxer and shadow boxer. Although he has not appeared in the squared ring for a couple of years, and declares to his friends he never will appear therein again, he continues to give "training exhibitions" a couple of times a week, when for a few pesos the wide eyed credulous Spaniards can watch him "working himself into conditions" for the match they implicitly believe he is training for.

The former champion skips the rope and punches the bag, causing great astonishment at the finale when he pulls his old trick of striking a glancing blow and tearing the pigskin loose from the rope and sending it bouncing among the crowd, just as he did at Reno before the Jeffries contest. Then he wrestles awhile and finally he boxes a couple of two-minute rounds. His opponent is either one of the colored men who are in his retinue here or some husky Spaniard who believes he is a boxer and wants a chance to prove it. Johnson has dissipated the hopes of a good many of this class, and his continued ability to put these gentry away with a punch causes the people to think he is still championship timber.

In Role of Moorish Chieftain.

At the recent fete for All Saints' Day here Johnson appeared garbed as a Moorish chieftain in a flowing white robe and turban and mounted on a prancing steed. He elicited more cheering than any one else in line, and was one of the guests at the banquet given that night. He had a good deal of trouble in keeping the long fuzzy whiskers glued to his chin in place during the dinner, and finally took them off.

As he picked up French during his sojourn in Paris, Johnson has had no difficulty in learning Spanish, and he converses freely enough in the slang common in Barcelona. He also buys and looks at Spanish newspapers, but it is not definitely known whether he can really read them.

Johnson and his white wife live in a handsome house in the best and most exclusive part of Barcelona, and recently, when he was having his home renovated and redectorated, they lived for a month at the best hotel in Barcelona. They are often there for dinner, and Johnson is a familiar figure in the supper room, where tango is the sport until daybreak. He never attempts to dance, however, and he limits his liquid refreshment to a few glasses of champagne.

"Back to America?" echoed Johnson, in answer to an inquiry. "Never for mine! I've done all the fighting I want to do, and fighting in the army doesn't appeal to me at all. Barcelona is good enough for me."

JOHNSON LET WILLARD WHIP HIM SAYS "TAD"

The New York [illegible]

7/26/17

The article published in last Saturday's issue of the New York *Evening Journal* by "Tad" that Johnson permitted Willard to become heavywight champion by agreeing to put up a fake fight has created much excitement in pugilistic circles, and many are remind-

DIVISION OF BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE RESEARCH REEL 7

ed of the charges made by Sam McVea and others at the ringside with Johnson at Havana that the fight was not "on the level."

Following is the article published in the *Evening Journal* under the caption, "Willard Champ Because Johnson Flopped."

"Jess Willard is the heavyweight champion of the world today because Jack Johnson kept his word and went through with a flop," said a New York sporting man yesterday.

"I was close to Johnson and also to the other people in that Havana hippodrome," added the man from Gothtam, "and know what I am talking about. The way the sporting writers fell for it was really funny. You know Johnson wasn't a bit tired in that twenty-sixth round. One of his seconds asked him how he felt, and Jack looked up with a smile and said, 'How do I look?'

"Don't you remember that Sam McVea, one of Jack's seconds, let out a squawk after the fight and declared the thing a fake? He was suspicious, but wasn't certain of the facts. He knew that Jack wasn't hitting as he should. He knew that the big, lumbering Willard couldn't touch the clever Johnson with a hand full of bird shot unless Jack let him.

"Do you remember the stories of the finish of that battle? Do you know that they said that Jack came to his corner in the twenty-fifth round and, feeling weak, asked Jack Curley to find his wife and tell her to go out? Well, Jack Curley saw her and, waiving to Johnson, pointed her out. She left immediately, AND A MINUTE LATER JOHNSON WAS COUNTED OUT.

"Do you know what the wife gag was? That was the office that she got the dough. They were wrangling over Johnson's bit all during that fight, and he was just stalling until she got what he agreed to flop for and as soon as he got the wire that she was paid, OUT WENT LITTLE ARTA.

"When the fight was over I was standing near some of the big guns who were in on the thing, and I heard one of them say: 'Well, you can knock Johnson all you like, but HE KEPT HIS WORD.'

Always a Business Man.

"Johnson always was a business man. He would listen to reason. Jim Coffroth, the Frisco promoter, said that Johnson was the smartest fighter he ever did business with.

"Johnson was in many a fake battle, but he had to fake in order to get the matches. There is many a fake pulled off in New York that the boys think is up and up. Why, half the fights pulled off nowadays are agreements. They agree to go ten rounds and not knock one another out.

"There was one of those things in New York not three weeks ago, and it looked just as real as a grudge fight.

Needed the Money.

"Johnson couldn't enter Amerrica, he was barred in France and England, so where was he to get any money? He was offered a fat roll to do the 'Ostermoor act' with Willard, and accepted it.

"It will all come out. Watch and see. I don't believe that poor simple Willard was in on it. That wouldn't do. He's a bad enough fighter as it is. He couldn't pull in a fight if he tried to. It's only a good fighter who knows how to fake.

"I see that some of Willard's managers are suing him now for breaking a contract with them. They might know. If they lose this suit and get no kush there might be some news for the world about Big Jess, the Cow-puncher Wonder."

RICHMOND IS CAPTAIN AT DES MOINES COLLEGE

The Chicago Defender

Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 12.—Maceo Richmond has been elected captain of the Des Moines College football team by his teammates. The result of the election was not a surprise to those who knew the feeling his white mates had for him. Their choice was unanimous, only one ballot being taken. 1/13/17

Richmond has played football for seven years, four at Charlton High school, where he made the All-Iowa State prep eleven, and three years at Des Moines College, where he has starred at full back. His punts average 55 yards and he can throw forward passes for 50 yards. He has been a tower of strength both on the defensive and offensive. He was named as the best defensive full-back in the state. His educated toe earned his school many a victory. His scorn for dirty football has won him the respect of not only his school and his team, but of all the opposing teams and their followers. He contributed largely toward having D. M. C. the cleanest school "athletically" in the state.

Brock Gives Up Federal Park

St Louis Argus. 3/11/17

GIANTS COMPELLED TO SEEK HOME IN EAST ST. LOUIS

Scheduled to Play Strongest Clubs

After being baffled about from park to park for the past few years, the St. Louis Giants have been finally compelled to go to East St. Louis for a home. Polo Park has been selected and it is stated that the Illinoisans were so glad to get the crack St. Louis club that the white club has been disbanded and a $150 guarantee forfeited to the league. This hits St. Louis a hard blow, but commends the support of our boys to all of the fans on this side.

It is clearly indicated, by recent developments that the owners of the league clubs are opposing Negro baseball in this city and are determined to shut them out of all parks.

Although Brock had claimed to hold, and did exhibit, a five-year lease on Federal Park, he suddenly threw his hands up last week, claiming he had lost it and was broke. The whole transaction looks fishy.

The players were left stranded and some of the boys have left the city, but their places have been filled and the St. Louis Giants Co-operative Baseball Club has been organized, with Richard Barrett as business manager and Jimmie Lyons as captain. Barrett had accepted a position as secretary and booking agent for Brock and when he heard of the players' plight, he called the boys together and told them he had heard from C. I. Taylor, of the Indianapolis A. B. C.'s and Rube Foster, of Chicago, who advised him to hold them together. Barrett made an impassionate speech to the players and the result was the co-operative agreement.

The Cuban Stars came to St. Louis May 4 to open the season scheduled for May 6 and have been here ever since. They are to play the Giants at Polo Park Friday and Saturday, the games to start at 3:15. On Sunday, May 13, the Giants will meet the East St. Louis All Stars. This club is composed of real professionals, as follows: Joe Mowery, L. F. (Phil., National); Red Roach, C. F., (St. L. Browns); Erne Durddin, R. F., (Cincinnati); Jake Boultes, 3rd B., (Boston Nat.); W. Devoy, 1st B., (Browns); E. Robertson, C., (Columbus A. A.); Schall, C., (Peoria, Ill.); Leifield, P., (Pittsburgh); H. Jasper P., (Chicago, American); J. Mathews, (St. L. Feds.); G. Selzer, S. S., and R. Slack 2nd B. The game will start at 3:15.

On account of the illness of Mayor Kiel, he will be represented by Col. H. N. Morgan, who will form the "send off" battery with the mayor of East St. Louis. Jack Ryan will umpire and "Lefty" Leifield will pitch for the All Stars.

The Famous Nebraska Indians are booked for May 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. The Giants will play the A. B. C.'s in Indianapolis May 26 to 30 and will meet the same club on the Polo grounds June 3 to 9.

All the future bookings are with the strongest clubs and St. Louis fans should rally to the boys and give them good support.

Colored Sprinters Shine at Annual Penn Relay Carnival

New York News. 5/3/17.

Sol Butler Leaps Over 23 Feet to Victory in Broad Jump—Fritz Pollard, Burwell, Motley, Rogers and Jones Also Score for Their Respective Institutions.

Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Pa., April 28.—Pennsylvania University's 23d annual relay carnival was concluded to-day with a series of competitions in which some of the honors were divided among a few colored athletes who represented colleges and schools in the East and West. Among those who competed, only two were entrants in individual events, while the others ran either the first leg or anchor on one-mile relay teams.

Exhibiting his prowess as a broad jumper and sprinter, Sol Butler won the running broad jump, which was programed as a special event. In one of his trial jumps Butler leaped into the air and landed 23 feet 5¾ inches from the take-off, and was later declared winner of this event. Butler also placed third in the 100 yard dash. Another colored athlete who proved his ability to reach near 22 feet was Ed. Jones, of Penn University. Jones was checked with third by jumping 21 feet 10 inches.

Brown and Pittsburgh Universities were entered in the same event in one of the college relays, and this brought face to face Fred Pollard and James Burwell. Through the fine running of Burwell, who ran the first leg, Pittsburgh won the race in the fast time of 3:30 2-5. Pollard, in the anchor position for Brown, pulled his team out of a hole and enabled the Brown runners to capture third prizes. In another of the collegiate relays, Ferdinand Motley, a freshman at Colgate, stepped one of the greatest quarter miles of his athletic career when he ran the final quarter for his college who was returned a winner.

For the Northeast High School of Philadelphia, Dewey Rogers strove hard to overcome the lead of a New ark institution, but due to the inability of his teammates Rogers had to be content with a second.

DISMOND SMASHES HIS OWN RECORD

Runs Last Race as a Maroon Track Man

Binga Dismond, running his last race as a University of Chicago track man, smashed his own record Saturday night at the Patten gymnasium before 2,000 rooters, doing the final of the 440 yard run in just 50 4-5 seconds. Incidentally the speed king took the measure of Smart of Northwestern, who eased by

Chicago Defender 3/31/17

Binga Dismond

him in the relay a week ago. Dismond also ran with the mile relay team and made the Maroons an easy winner. He was greeted with a warm round of applause, as his work at the university for the three years has been one without equal. This ends his performances as far as the conference is concerned. It is understood that the Mystic A. C. is after Dismond to run for them in open competition.

The Chicago Defender 3/17/17

DISMOND BEATEN

By William White

New York, Feb. 16.—Binga Dismond, the crack quarter-miler of the University of Chicago, was handed the rawest deal that has ever been handed to an athlete in these parts. In the St. Anthony games held Monday night at the Thirteenth Regiment armory, he finished fourth. Ted Meredith, his rival, and two other white lads blocked Dismond from the start. Meredith stretched out his arm to keep the western lad from passing him, and two others repeatedly cut across, preventing sprints. Higgins won, Tom Halpin was second and Meredith, who was so busy blocking Dismond, pulled up fourth.

BROWN LOSES FRITZ POLLARD

Providence, R. I., March 24.—Fritz Pollard, the American half-back star athlete at Brown University, has been forced to leave school. Work in his clothes pressing establishment, along with playing most of Brown's football is said to be the reason for failure in his studies. Unless a miracle happens, a most sensational athlete will be lost to the game next fall.

Associated Press

Sports – 1917

ATHLETICS

Age 7/12/17

MISS PHYLLIS W. WATERS

Miss Phyllis Wheatley Waters, who was a member for four years of the Ann Arbor High School basketball team being elected captain in her senior year, the first time a colored girl had been thus honored, graduated last week from the University of Michigan, where for four years she played on the varsity basketball team, distinguishing herself in all branches of athletics. She is the daughter of Phil Waters of Charleston, W. Va., Chief Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, who is also a Michigan alumnus, and was a star ball player in the early nineties and now an acknowledged authority on athletics. Miss Waters will take a post graduate course at Wellesley.

NEW YORK'S ONLY NEGRO FIREMAN PROVES A HERO

N.Y. CITY WORLD
JULY 6, 1917

John Henry Woodson to Be Publicly Commended by Mayor for Courage.

John Henry Woodson, the only negro in the New York Fire Department, to-day told with a great deal of reluctance of the courageous performance in recognition of which he will be called from the ranks of honor men next Saturday and publicly praised by Mayor Mitchel. The long list of rescues by the city's gallant fire fighters holds none more inspiring than that achieved by Woodson in climbing to the flame-swept window on the fourth floor of a Brooklyn tenement and saving a mother and baby from death on the early morning of Sept. 22 last.

Some of the newspapers referred to the rescue in a perfunctory way at that time, but when the full report of Woodson's daring and the great personal risk involved reached headquarters, Commissioner Adamson put a merit mark opposite the black man's name and decided that when the proper time arrived his courageousness should receive more appropriate recognition. So it is that next Saturday is to be the biggest day in Woodson's life. His gratification is shared by his fellow firemen in Hook and Ladder Company No. 106, one of the busiest commands in the Greenpoint section, all of whom have learned to like and respect their colored comrade.

Not many persons have been aware that the department numbered a negro in its ranks. This fact will be understood when it becomes known that Woodson is the first black man to serve the city in that capacity since the paid department came into existence fifty-two years ago.

Woodson is a fine looking specimen physically, light complexioned, with fine teeth, clean cut features and eyes that never waiver. He is five feet ten and three-quarters inches in height, weighs 180 pounds, and has the strength that makes the ideal fire fighter. He was born in Virginia thirty-one years ago, his family moving to Jamaica when he was still a little toddler. He spent five years in the public school at Jamaica, and his speech and manner, no less than his ability to pass the civil service tests, shows he made good use of his time while there. His persistent efforts to get into the department in the face of tremendous obstacles, together with his fine physical makeup, won the admiration of Commissioner Adamson, who made him a fireman on Sept. 21, 1914.

WON HIS PLACE BY MERIT; RECOGNITION BY BRAVERY.

Commissioner Adamson knew he was shattering the traditions of the department when he appointed Woodson, but he wouldn't hear of his being assigned to a special detail. He said Woodson had won his appointment on his merits and would

ONLY NEGRO FIREMAN IN N. Y. DEPARTMENT, WHO GETS A MEDAL

John Henry Woodson

men? Oh, when I came I was assigned a bed down in the corner—the last bed. It wasn't meant for any reason in particular. It was a regulation bed and it was there for some one to sleep in. As I say, I felt lonesome. They might have thought I was asleep when they slept, but for a long time I was looking down the row of white sleepers out of the corner of my eye and doing a lot of thinking.

Woodson's pay as a second grade fireman is $1,200. Out of it he meets his own needs and looks after his mother and a widowed sister with four children. No more than he should do, he argues.

Galesburg, Ill., Feb. 2.—Adolph Hamblin, Knox College's greatest athlete, is renowned throughout the middle west for his ability to play football, basket ball, baseball and do the sprints on the track team. Although Hamblin is only a sophomore in school, he has won letters in these four branches of athletics.

He played end on the football team during the past season and was recognized as one of the fastest ends in the "Little Five Conference." He plays either guard or forward on the basket ball team. Shortstop is his position on the baseball nine. "Ziggy," as he is called, is a dangerous man to pitch against, when runners are on the bases, as he hits the ball with great regularity and generally comes through with an extra base clout when it is most needed.

"Ziggy" runs the 100, 200 and 400 yard dashes. He finished first in the 100 and 220 yard dashes and second in the quarter mile in the Little Five conference which was held in Galesburg on a heavy track last season. Hamblin is not only a brilliant performer on the athletic field, but also obtains the highest grades in the classroom. He is a favorite with both men and women on the campus and is a graduate of the Galesburg High school and lives in this city.

The Chicago Defender
2/3/17

WINS LETTERS IN FOUR BRANCHES OF SPORT

ADOLPH HAMBLIN

DIVISION OF BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE RESEARCH REEL 7

RUTGERS A ONE-MAN TEAM

11/28/17
Amsterdam News ... 190 ..

AND HIS NAME IS ROBESON

By LOUIS LEE ARMS
(In New York Tribune.)

It is inexcusable hyperbole to designate any football eleven as a one-man team. Taken literally, this would mean that one man was the equal of eleven, and that ten others were supernumeraries. This is poetical, but misleading.

Having set ourself straight in the matter of one-man teams, we may now proceed to say that, thinly disguised, Foster Sanford has developed at Rutgers one of the fastest-stepping little one-man teams it ever has been our privilege to see.

Never believe but that Rutgers has been drilled with infinite pains, and that she shows it in the perfect rhythm of every play. Nor doubt that her backs and line are potentially on a par with the best of collegiate elevens.

But the think—or person — that makes Rutgers a team which can rightfully claim to be among the first five of the country is Left End Robeson and his surpassing value as an offensive and defensive player.

Robeson's intrinsic worth to his eleven is disguised in part by the fact that he seldom carries the ball. He works on the receiving end of forward passes, and because of his enormous reach has better than an average chance to complete any half satisfactory pass. But the men who carry the [illegible] and Kelley, and it is their names which bestar a running account of any Rutgers game.

Robeson a Rover.

But if it were not for Robeson the gains of this crack young trio, if not shaved to the negligible, would at least be greatly diminished. While Robeson is designated as Rutgers' left end, he works at the left end craft seldom. On defence he doesn't play end at all, but heads the secondary from the center of the line, roving here and there to intercept every enemy assault. Sanford has said that Robeson is the smartest man he ever has been on a gridiron, and at diagnosing plays and holding aloof from tricks and threats the dusky left end has justified this praise from the Raritan Caesar.

But defensive aside, it is on the offensive that Robeson reaches his maximum value, for it is a sporting aphorism that if a team can't score it can't win. Robeson's peculiar value on the offensive lies in the fact that he is constantly called from left end to any spot along the line and tears open holes for the trio of young backs to wriggle through. He does not actually carry the ball, to be sure, but owing to his individual efforts the trail forward is so effectively cleared that slippery backs of the Gardner-Kelley-Whitehill type has only to hold their feet to gain.

Thus Rutgers shows a versatility in its offensive that is more apparent than real, for an analysis of the greater majority of her forward drives [illegible]

PAUL ROBESON

ably will divulge the interesting fact that the line plunge, 'cross buck or end run is predicated on Robeson's ability to topple the opposing defence.

One afternoon not long ago w[illegible] were on the campus at Rutgers, an[illegible] this tall, tapering Negro trotted b[illegible]

"There," said Foster Sanford, „go[illegible] the most valuable football player [illegible] America."

There will not be a dissenting vo[illegible] in New Brunswick.

Illinois A. C. Wins Junior Title; Colored Athletes Prove Surprise

[illegible] MO POST-DISPATCH
MBER 1, 1917

True enough the point honors for the Junior Day competition for the National A. A. U. track and field championship games, at Francis Field yesterday, were carried off by the Illinois Athletic Club, and no less certain was the Meadowbrook A. C.'s final status as runner-up; but the real victory of the day goes to that portion of the colored population which was represented in the games. It was a decisive conquest for Ethiopia.

Four dusky devotees of the cinder path and the sand pit, representative of the Salem Crescent A. C. of Brooklyn and the Alpha Physical C. C. of New York, answered present the starter's roll calls; and each was later included in the announcer's honor roll. Eighteen points, a total of two firsts, two seconds and a third, out of a possible total of 30 possible points, bespeaks the negro entry's efficiency at the first day of the games. The possible points are six firsts as two athletes entered two events.

White Wins for Blacks.

P. J. White, the recently reputed sprinter, was the individual point winner of the day, taking first in the furlong dash and second place in the century sprint. White was an also-ran in the 220 event until about 150 yards was reached, he then pulled up like a streak and nosed in a leader. E. F. Jones of Alpha P. C. C., took the other first place, winning the broad jump. L. Watson and L. Beet were the other members of the dark-hued quartet from the East.

The easy manner in which the Illinois A. C. team took the first day honors was expected. The Chicagans with the bulkiest squad entered scored 44 points, while a Meadowbrook Club of Philadelphia was second with 30. The two local teams struggled for the third money, the Columbian A. C. with 23 finally nosing out the hardly formidable Missouri A. A. team by 10 points.

But then it is hard to complain. Twenty-seven points for local athletes in a meet of national consequence is a something worth commending. The local total reached as Washington University scored three points and Brazil, a St. Louisan running for Rolla, added one integer. The Pikeway place is a hopeful result as few expected Dick Kremer, the maroon freshman, to score. However, he took second in the discus hurl with a neat toss of 122 feet, a mark that forbodes something in future M. V. C meets.

The disappointment locally was Irvin Mahl's failure to make good pre-meet predictions and break the tape in the 100-yard dash. Mahl easily won his heat in :10.1, but was set back a yard for breaking in the final and finished third. The other local sprinter who competed in the sprints was Murchison. The former McKinley lad took a fourth in the 220-yard dash.

St. Louisan Wins.

The first title won by a St. Louisan was in the shot put, when August B. Loud, a new member of Hutsell's squad tossed the lead 42 feet 11⅜ inches. Wilbur Boehm of the same club won the discus hurl. Another first place which attracted some interest was in the javalin throw. This brought the much-advertised Howard Berry of Pennsylvania before the public eye. Berry threw the weapon 165 feet.

Three records were broken, a new one established, and another tied. In the pole vault, Ed Knourek of the Illinois A. C. aviated 12 feet 5.75 inches, bettering the old mark by .11 inch. Two-fifths of an inch was added to the high jump record when Charles Siebert of the Chicago Turnverein leaped the bar at 73 inches. Frank Shea of the Pittsburg A. A. ran the 440-yard dash in :50, this mark taking precedence over the old time of :50 3-5 made by Howard, a teammate of Shea. White, the Brooklyn negro, tied the hundred yard dash mark in even time. The newly established record was made by A. Jessup of New York City in the three-mile walk, his time being 24:23 3-5. This is the first time that the three-mile walk has been held in junior competition, the former walk being over a one-mile course.

The feature event of the day was the five-mile run which L. L. Glover of the Meadowbrook A. C. won after he had been a hanger-on until the last half lap. He finished with a splendid sprint, winning by 40 yards.

Spanish Friends Anxious for Him to Head City Government of Barcelona

Chicago Defender, Dec. 22, 1917

Barcelona, Spain, Dec. 21.—The friends of John Arthur Johnson have offered his name as a candidate to enter the mayoralty campaign to be staged in the near future. On account of the popularity of Jack in the province it is reported that he will be an easy winner, and local politicians have urged the ex-champion to enter the election to be held in March.

Tommy Freitas (white), formerly well known in California boxing circles as "Kid Terry," is back in San Francisco and has some interesting information about Jack to divulge. Freitas was on a ship sunk by a submarine and was in the water for hours before being landed at Barcelona, where he was welcomed by Johnson. He says:

"At the dock in Barcelona we were greeted by an enormous fellow, who smiled all over himself and bade us welcome. I was the first to recognize him as Jack Johnson. There was nothing too good for us. He took us to his hotel, kept us there until we could get passage out and arranged a boxing carnival for our benefit. The receipts of that show must have amounted to something. There were more than fifty of us and we each received the Spanish money equivalent of $25, which is equal to a whole lot more than that in Spain.

"Johnson seems to be the prince of Barcelona. Wherever he spreads that big smile of his the people grin back, and they look on him as a sort of strange Hercules. They would make him king of Spain, I believe, if he asked for it, but he seems content to coin money out of his cafe."

Official notice has not been received that Johnson has accepted the political laurels offered him, but he has been swamped with letters from his American friends urging him to run for the office.

DIVISION OF BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE RESEARCH REEL 7